

SONTAG AND EVANS.

HOW EVANS WAS HURRIED TO HIS CELL.

A Face Ghastly as Death—The Reception at Visalia—Sontag's Bad Condition.

VISALIA, June 13.—After Chris Evans had quietly submitted to arrest at the Perkins house he was carried down stairs in a blanket and put in the rear of a spring wagon. Perkins took the lines and drove. Hall sat by Perkins, and their guns were nearly all handed over to Witty, who had a single buggy, Carroll going with the other party. It is a long drive, is that twenty-two miles from Wilcox canyon to Visalia. It took less than two hours to make the run. Perkins drove furiously. He and Hall were very anxious to get to Visalia as soon as they could and have Evans' wounds attended to. I had gone out to the capture with Dan Overall, Farley and Charles Michelson, and thinking to make better time with Witty, who had two horses and a very light buggy, I rode in with him. The horses were full of speed and did their best, but it was quite a time before we made Perkins and Hall take our dust. The horses were on a keen gallop all the time; the wagon swayed from side to side, and at times seemed almost in danger of falling over.

EVANS SUFFERED IN SILENCE. Evans was badly shaken up, but he made no complaint. He lay there with the feeling of a man whose work was done. Nothing that could come to him thereafter could particularly interest him. We were still fifteen miles from Visalia when a streak of dawn struggled over the crest of the Sierras. The air was chilly and the dusty road made the ride uncomfortable. I thought that the readers of the *Examiner* might be in a hurry to get the news and I asked Witty to let me drive. He was tired and readily consented, and as he told me not to spare the horses we reached Visalia and had the telegraph wires fifteen minutes before any one in town knew that Evans was captured and before Hall's party drove up to the Visalia jail.

Before Hall's party arrived several members of the posse reached Visalia. They had been beaten to the Perkins place in Wilcox canyon by Hall's outfit and so determined to be back ahead of them. They could not overtake the buggy containing Witty and myself, but they distinguished the carryall in which Perkins, Hall and the suffering Evans were traveling.

It was from the members of Scott's force that the people of Visalia first learned that Chris Evans was a prisoner. It was very early in the morning, even for Visalia, but it was astonishing how the news spread. A farmer coming in with his load of produce caught the whisper and shouted it to a teamster. A few early morning people were standing in front of the hotel. They heard the story. The clerk of the hotel heard it. It seemed to be in the air. Sleepers all over Visalia arose and hurried into their clothes. Lines of men all heading towards the jail appeared on every street.

THE STORY SPREADS. It was not ten minutes after the story got out that a hundred men were in the vicinity of the jail waiting for Hall and his prisoner. They stood in the middle of the street and watched for the first cloud of dust. They had not long to wait, for the reeking horses of the Under Sheriff soon swung around the corner and willingly stopped at the jail door. The officer threw a wary eye over the crowd. There had been unnumbered statements that Evans would never live to be tried if he were captured alive.

But Hall, after his first glance, showed no concern. He had no need to. The crowd in front of the Visalia jail was not of the sort that lynches men. Except the miscellaneous detectives and deputies from adjoining counties, the crowd consisted simply of men drawn there through curiosity. They nearly all knew Chris Evans, but they only knew him when he was a meek, quiet, steady farmer who was never suspected of anything worse than putting big apples on top.

Detective Walt Smith, for whom Evans never missed an opportunity to voice his detestation, was there. He ran down the steps and lent a helping hand when Hall took his prisoner out of the back of his dusty carriage. First they lifted Evans up, then each stood with a shoulder under the bandit's arm and lowered him to the earth as gently as if he were glass. The blanket in which he was wrapped fell away and Evan's face was seen for the first time. It was ghastly. It was more than ghastly, for that word implies a change from something else.

THE PICTURE OF AGONY. Evans' face looked as though he had suffered for a hundred years. The horrible blue, black and bloody socket—that was all that Jackson's bullet left of his right eye—made the crowd gasp. His features were drawn, like those of a man long dead. His jaw was fallen and his teeth shone through the tangle of red brown beard. He never raised his remaining eye at all. Those who had gathered to see him brought in spoke to him. "Hello, Chris." "How are you, Evans?" "How do you feel, Chris?" and many such greetings were hurled at him by people who hoped to tell their children that Chris Evans, train-robber and many times murderer, had spoken to them.

But Evans never said a word. He groaned when his smashed arm was jostled in the progress up the jail steps.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

General Advertisements.

M. McINERNY.

Are we to be, or not to be, a part of the Great Republic, seems to be the burning question of the day, and one we had rather leave to wiser heads than ours to solve; and while great statesmen are wrestling with this momentous question, we want to have a little "port-wine" with you on some other subjects, that concern you as well as ourselves.

Has it not occurred to you that you've been wearing that old hat long enough! In these progressive times if you intend to be "in it," you've got to keep pace with fashion. No matter how otherwise well dressed you may be, unless your hat is the correct thing you bear a shabby appearance.

We have already laid in a stock of the Latest Hats of the coming Spring and Summer styles, in hard felts, soft felts and straws, and including a line of the celebrated "Fedora" Hats, at present all the rage in the United States. There is therefore, no necessity for you to hang on any longer to that old Tile that bears such a strong resemblance to the hat "your father wore."

Believing that business will be better in the near future, we have not hesitated to keep our stock full in all lines. Take collars for instance: We have almost everything you could wish for. If you wear a standing collar, just come in and take a look at our "Narenta" or "Ardonia;" or if you prefer a turn down collar, try the "Winnipeg" or "Goswell;" we have have lots of others, and can't fail to suit you. Cuffs in abundance, links or otherwise.

Neckwear in profusion, scarfs, windsors, 4-in-hands, and a special lot of "Boys' Bows;" suspenders in great variety, leather and woven ends, good strong, serviceable goods.

We might go on indefinitely, but space is valuable, and to enumerate everything we carry would fill a pretty fair sized book. If there is anything you want in the men's line, just drop in and see us, and if we can't suit you, we don't believe any one can.

If you should want a pair of nice shoes, let us try a hand at fitting you. Did it ever occur to you

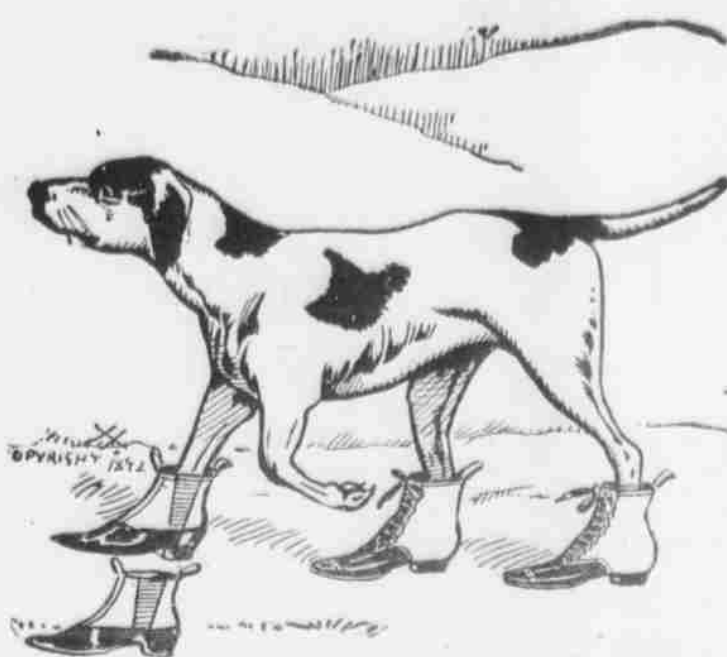
How much a man is like his shoes; For instance, both a soul may lose. Both have been tanned; Both are made tight by Cobblers; Both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete; And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mould. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last; and when The shoes wear out, they're mended new; When men wear out, they're men dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others nothing loth. Both have their ties, and both incline When polished, in the world to shine; And both get out. Now would you choose To be a man, or be his shoes.

M. McINERNY.

General Advertisements.



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